A SIOUX LULLABY.

[Wash-tai ok-shela is a Sioux term of endearment, meaning "Good little boy."]

Wash-tai ok-shela. The sand hills are sleepy,
The ponies are slumbering down in the draw,
The dogs and the moonlight are guarding the tepee,
The wind from the north land blows gusty and raw.

Wash-tai ok-shela, rest warm in the blanket
We stole from the soldiers who fell yesternight,
Whose blood rushed toward hell as the parching earth drank it,
To herald the soul that was lost in the fight.

Wash-tai ok-shela, thy brother lies yonder,
Away on the sand hills where last night we fought,
But the coyotes may sniff and complain as they wander—
We buried him deeply, and theirs he is not.

Wash-tai ok-shela, oh, peace in thy turning
To climb on my breast to kiss me and crave,
You do not know of that bullet wound burning
And how I am dying. Oh, you do not know.

Wash-tai ok-shela, the sand hills are sleepy,
Dream ye of blood that must flow for last night,
Dream of revenge, and thy sleep be it light.
Dream of the mother who dies in her tepee,
—Carl Smith in Omaha World-Herald.

WITH MAIMED RITES.

Mrs. Carnegie's last words had been, "For heaven's sake, Letitia, don't let it be late again today!" It was luncheon, and luncheon to men who have spent the morning on the moors is important. At 12:15, therefore, just 15 minutes before it was necessary to start, the wagonette was, by Mrs. Carnegie's order, at the door, the baskets put in, and Mrs. Carnegie in the breakfast room, worrying her sister, Mrs. Mainwaring, by assurances that the girls would make them late, as usual.

"Dollie was ready half an hour ago," said Mrs. Mainwaring. "I saw her in the hall."

"Dollie is not going with us. I don't often take her out. It wouldn't be fair to the two others."

"But it is not fair to Dollie to leave her so much at home. She has not gone out with us once since I came."

"Don't distress yourself about Dollie. She is quite happy."

"How does she make herself so?"

"Oh, I don't know. We are going to be so late! She gardens, she sketches, she does all kinds of things. I don't think she milks the cows, but she certainly feeds the chickens."

"Oh, Letitia!"

"Why do you say 'Oh, Letitia?' Ought I to know whether she milks the cows or not?"

"You ought to know a great deal more about her than you do. There is such a thing as getting tired of gardening and feeding the chickens."

"Yes, I know, but that hasn't happened to Dollie yet, and you see going out is so much more important to the other girls. Just think, Evie is 26, and Agnes only a year younger."

"But Dollie is 21."

"What is 21?"

"An age when amusement is not unpalatable."

"My dear, you worry me. I must do my duty to the elder two—but I wish they would come."

"And while you are marrying them Dollie will marry herself, and probably not to your liking. In a fairy tale she would fall in love with the gardener, who would, of course, be the king's son in the ample and effectual disguise of a shabby coat and cap—in real life, she may perhaps give her poor little affections to some photographer from Glasgow, who is taking a holiday at the 'Blue Bonnet.'"

"Oh, Cecilia! Dollie is not a girl of that kind. She is as good as gold and perfectly biddable, and she shall go everywhere when Evie gets engaged. Has it struck you that Sir Philip is in love with Evie? I am almost certain that he is, and I am delighted. Oh, here the girls come. How charming they both look!"

Mrs. Mainwaring, who had so lately seen Dollie in her plain morning dress, looking like a sweet flower refreshed by the dewk of heaven, did not particularly admire the two tailor clad girls who were playing at being in the country. They were pretty, but worn out and faded by a long London season, and yet they had only come north to recover strength to go through another.

They had no liking for scenery unless it were accompanied by a large amount of human interest, and while they trod the heather pined to have the London pavement beneath their feet again and London shops before their eyes.

"And what have you been doing this afternoon, Dollie?" asked Mrs. Mainwaring at teatime.

Dollie blushed—her aunt thought because it was so unusual for any one to take any interest in her employments—and said, "Sketching in the glen, aunt."

"And you had a dull little luncheon all alone by yourself, in that great dining room?"

"No, I was working so hard that I could not spare time to come in. I ate all the bread I had taken with me to rub out with. I wish you would come to the glen, aunt. It is so pretty."

"Dear child, I am much too old to scramble. May I see your sketch?"

Dollie brought it. Her mother looked at it, too, and was startled at its merit. "Why, Dollie" she exclaimed, "you have improved wonderfully! That bit in the left hand corner is excellent."

Again Dollie colored. "I had some help there, mother," she said, "an artist who comes to the glen sometimes"——

"An artist, Dollie! What do you mean?"

"I mean a gentleman, mother. He strayed in by accident three weeks ago when I was there painting. He has often been to work there since, and whenever he comes he gives me really beautiful hints. He has taught me"——

Here her mother's attention was distracted by a servant with a message, and Mrs. Mainwaring finished Dollie's sentence for her, "to color, my dear; yes, I see that he has taught you to do that!" She was not, however, looking at the sketch, but at her niece's rosy cheeks.

"He gives you hints about your painting, you say?" continued Mrs. Carnegie, who had seen nothing of this.

"Yes, mother," replied Dollie, rising to escape as quickly as she could.

"Take care that he is not teaching her how to fall in love," said Mrs. Mainwaring.

"That child! No."

"That child! Yes! Be quick and stop it."

"I will—I really will. Just now it is hard to attend to anything but Evie and Sir Philip, but when that business is settled Dollie shall always be with me. Did you see how he watched Evie at luncheon?"

"No, I thought he was rather vexed or disappointed about something."

"I hope not. Evie may perhaps have been making some of her stupid speeches. But he loves her, I am sure! I am so happy about it that I am not able to think of anything else."

"So it seems," thought Mrs. Mainwaring. So she spoke to Dollie herself and gave her much good advice. From Dollie she learned that the landscape painter's name was Fleming, that he was young, good looking and clever, lived in Edinburgh, was quite a gentleman, and not at all the kind of man that Aunt Cecelia seemed to imagine.

Two days afterward Aunt Cecelia was rather unexpectedly summoned home, but before going she again spoke to her sister about the danger of allowing Dollie to sit for hours sketching in the glen. Being informed that Dollie had been forbidden to go there, Mrs. Mainwaring advised her sister to assure herself that Dollie had understood and was obeying this order. This Mrs. Carnegie did, and then once more gave her whole mind to Sir Philip and Evie. Why did he not propose? The day of his departure was drawing very near.

It came two days earlier than had been anticipated. A rich old bachelor uncle of Sir Philip, who was then in Sunderland-shire, dispatched this telegram to him: "Am ill and must have rest. Have a large party here and can get none. Come at once and help me, or I shall die outright. Why are you so long in arriving?"

Ten minutes after the telegram came Sir Philip followed Mr. Carnegie to the study—a study in which no book was ever opened but that which he had gone to fetch—Bradshaw. Mrs. Carnegie thought she knew what Sir Philip had gone to do and tried to be patient while she awaited the result.

In a quarter of hour her husband came and said: "My dear, I have had a great surprise—a very great surprise—it almost amounted to a shock."

"What nonsense, Charles! You must have known what was coming."

"Why should I? You didn't."

"Indeed I did. I have known for 10 days that Sir Philip wanted to marry Evie."

"But he doesn't—it is Dollie."

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Even if Sir Philip did happen to be in love with the young daughter, he was still Sir Philip. So, after Mrs. Carnegie was sufficiently recovered to fit a new heroine into the romance in which she was so much interested, she sent out emissaries in search of Dollie. No one could find her, until at last an under gardener, being much pressed by Mrs. Carnegie herself, said, with evident reluctance, that Miss Dollie might perhaps, he thought, be painting in Ladywell wood.

To reach this wood a cornfield had to be traversed, and just as Mrs. Carnegie was half across it she saw Dollie in the distance, bidding farewell to a gentleman with a sketching bag on his back. The unhappy lady stopped short in horror. "This must," she thought, "be that odious artist Cecilia Mainwaring was so afraid of. How can Dollie dare to see him, when I have forbidden her?"

"Dollie," she exclaimed, "this is shameful! I have been trusting you all this time, and you, it seems, have been breaking your word!"

"Oh, no, I have not! I have not been near the glen, and I have never seen Mr. Fleming until this morning! Don't look like that, mother, I am speaking the truth. I was on my way to tell you all about it."

"Tell me nothing of that kind! I want to know nothing."

"But you must know, mother—you will be forced to know. Mr. Fleming has asked me to marry him, and I have said I will."

"You have! Well, girls do stupid things sometimes. But the sooner you undo this the better!"

"Ah, you are angry because you still think that he and I have been deceiving you," said Dollie tenderly, "but, mother, we have not. We really have not seen each other since you spoke to me, until today, and how he found out where I was sketching I don't yet know."

"And you never will. You will not see him again."

"Oh, but let me tell you how it all happened, and you will see how different everything is from what you imagine. He came to Ladywell wood—I could not refuse to say a word to him once he was there, could I? Besides, I think he came on purpose to ask me to marry him."

"Say no more about that, Dollie; it only vexes me. You must have known that you would never be allowed to do it."

"Mother"—Dollie began, but her voice failed her.

"Make no appeal to me, Dollie. I am sorry for you, of course, if you care, but you won't care long. Be a good girl and do your best to dismiss this from your mind at once and forever, and go to your room now and write and tell that man that you intend to do so."

"Where is Dollie?" asked Mr. Carnegie when he and Sir Philip came.

"She was here a few minutes ago, but she has been sketching in the sun, and it has been too much for her. She had to go to bed with a frightfully bad headache."

"Then I shall not see her unless I stay till tomorrow?" said Sir Philip after expressing much sympathy.

"Oh, you must not do that—you must not offend your uncle. Besides, Dollie may not be well enough to see you tomorrow."

Sir Philip sighed woefully.

"She is not seriously ill. If you will take my advice, you will go today, as your uncle wishes. You will stay at Glenfindle as long as he stays—I think you said he would be there a month—and when you have done that you will do us the great pleasure of seeing you back here. Don't distress yourself about seeing Dollie. It is much better that you have not seen her. You would not have been able to get her to say what you wish without a great deal of persuasion—certainly not in one day—even if she had been well. She has not the slightest idea that you care for her, and she is very shy and timid."

Sir Philip departed, and Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie repaired to the study to write to Mr. Fleming. Their daughter, they said, might have been temporarily led away by persuasion, but now saw, as any one with any judgment must see, that a marriage with him was out of the question. They inclosed a letter from her which would inform him of the true state of her feelings and trusted that he would see the propriety of leaving the neighborhood at once.

"But can you get her to write that letter?" asked Mr. Carnegie.

"Oh, yes," replied his wife and went to Dollie's room, which she did not leave until she had succeeded.

Two tears had fallen on Dollie's paper while she was writing. Mrs. Carnegie had seen the blisters which they raised, but Dolly had suffered so cruelly while writing the letter that it was impossible to insist on her making a clean copy. So it went with its blisters to Fleming and strengthened his conviction that Dollie was acting under coercion.

He wrote to her, but his letter was returned by Mr. Carnegie unopened, with the words: "You have had your dismissal from my daughter, and you have had it from me. I request you at once to leave this neighborhood. Should you persist in remaining, steps will be taken to enforce this request."

Fleming became desperate, and being powerless in other ways called the wisdom of the serpent to his aid and wrote: "I find it so hard to believe that your daughter's mind can have changed so suddenly that I entreat you to let me see her alone for 10 minutes. If you permit this, and she then speaks as she has written, I give you my word of honor as a gentleman to accept her decision as final, and to leave this place at once."

"What a nuisance the man is!" exclaimed Mrs. Carnegie. "We shall have to let him come. Sir Philip returns next week. We can't have this kind of thing going on then."

So, with great reluctance, Mr. Carnegie replied: "Since you refuse to believe the truth and insist on giving my daughter this pain, you may come tomorrow at 12, when she herself will tell you what her wish is. You may see her for 10 minutes, but her family will be present."

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"But he is a gentleman, thought Mrs. Carnegie, when Fleming entered the room where she, her husband and their two elder daughters were assembled "to receive him. Mr. Carnegie felt Dollie's hand trembling on his arm as he led her down and had at last to support her lest her feet should fail her altogether.

At the drawing room door he kissed her and said:

"Be brave, darling; it will soon be over. You could not have married him. But I will own that he is better looking than I expected."

"Is he?" she exclaimed eagerly. "Are you quite sure that you would never have said yes?"

"Quite! Stick to what has been agreed on, and let us get quietly over it."

All eyes were fixed on Dollie as she came in, looking pale, ill and scarcely able to stand. No one spoke—all waited to hear the words that were about to be said. How would that faltering, frightened girl get through her set speech? They had expected that all that was about to be said would be said within range of their hearing, but Mr. Fleming went to meet her and then turned to [illegible] and said:

"As this interview has been permitted entirely to satisfy me that Miss Carnegie is acting in accordance with her own wish, you will not object to my taking her to the other side of the room. It will not be a private interview even then, but if we can exchange a few words unheard I shall be more able to accept them as final."

Something in his manner terrified Mrs. Carnegie. What was he saying? What might not he be trying to persuade Dollie to do? She was a weak little thing—they ought not to have afforded him this opportunity, for the girl who had yielded to her parents, when they had asked her to do what was contrary to the wish of her heart, might yield to her lover when he asked a reverse.

"Charles!" she whispered, "we have been fools to let him see her! Who!"——

"Do be quiet, my love," said Mr. Carnegie. "It can't be helped now." But he was sitting, watch in hand, longing as much as she did for the 10 minutes to come to an end. Fleming was talking so serious and Dollie listening so intently.

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"Time is up!" Mr. Carnegie exclaimed almost joyously as he put his watch in his pocket. Then he half crossed the room and said, "Dollie, have you told this gentleman by word of mouth what he refused to believe when you wrote it?

"She has told me all I want to know," said Fleming. "Thank you, sincerely, for allowing me to see her. Thank you also for insisting on being in the room with us, for I have something to say which requires the presence of witnesses. Before those here asscribled I declare this woman to be my wife. Now, Dollie, speak!" And before any of the unwilling witnesses had recovered from the shock of hearing these words Dollie had faltered forth, "I declare this man to be my husband."

"What does this mean?" cried Mr. Carnegie, who knew something of Scotch law.

"It means that we are married! Don't be anxious about your daughter's future. I am not a Lord of Burleigh, but her home will be one in which we can receive you if you will come."—Black and White.

LATTER DAY GALLANTRY.

Mrs. Madge Kendal's Raleighan Experience in Boston and Its Outcome.

London is still smiling over a little contretemps between Mrs. Kendal and Arthur Pinero, the author of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which took place at a dinner party given by Pinero to the Kendals two or three nights before their departure for America.

Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, the Bancrofts, Forbes Robertson and several other London celebrities were among the guests. The conversation drifted onto the subject of gallantry as displayed in these latter days.

"Let me tell you one of my experiences in Boston, an American city, you know," exclaimed Mrs. Kendal. "I had been playing in 'The Squire,' the house had been packed to the doors, and the audience had exhibited a great deal of enthusiasm. After the performance Willis was detained in the theater, so I started for my carriage. As soon as I opened the stage door, however, I found that it was raining cats and dogs. I was in a dreadful dilemma. I had no galoches, no umbrella. The coupe stood 30 yards away, and between it and me lay a nasty mud puddle.

"I was just on the point of calling to Willie when suddenly I noticed that about 20 men in evening clothes were waiting beside the coupe to catch a glimpse of me as I passed out. As they caught sight of me standing on the threshold in perplexity 20 crush hats were whisked off with one consent. There was a click like a diminutive roll of musketry as the hats were shut, and then as one man the well dressed battalion advanced and laid their hats down in the mud, thus forming a series of stepping stones which reached to my carriage door."

As Mrs. Kendal concluded her anecdote a dead silence fell on the guests. Then Beerbohm Tree and Forbes Robertson tipped each other the wink. Mr. Pinero tittered softly behind his table napkin. Finally old Mrs. Bancroft recovered herself sufficiently to remark, with a slight upward roll of her eyes: "My dear Madge! What a truly Raleighan experience! What extraordinary quixotic persons these Americans are!"

No more was said on the subject until the Kendals' carriage was called. In the hall stood a footman, holding in his hand a glass case which had originally held a brace of stuffed birds. As Mrs. Kendal reached the door Mr. Pinero stepped forward with his crush hat in his hand. He dropped on his knee in front of her and laid the hat down. Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Tree and the other ladies, watching the joke through the drawing room portieres, were almost in hysterics. Mrs. Kendal, furious by this time, deliberately stepped on the hat and then kicked it to one side.

Pinero snatched it up, placed it in the glass case and exclaimed as Mrs. Kendal made her exit with her head in the air: "Thanks, awfully! I'll have it stuffed."—New York Sun.

Doubling the Collections.

In a small town in the midlands there is a rich congregation which is not characterized by a lavish liberality.

Time after time the minister has vainly appealed to his people to contribute more generously to the funds of the church. The members would indeed give something, but it was nearly always the smallest silver coin of the realm that was placed on the plate.

A shrewd Scotchman, who had recently come to the place and joined the church, was not long in noticing this state of affairs, and a remedy soon suggested itself to his practical mind.

"I'll tell you what," he said to one of the officials, "if you make me treasurer, I'll engage to double the collections in three months."

His offer was promptly accepted, and sure enough the collections began to increase until by the time he had stated they were nearly twice as large as formerly.

"How have you managed it, Mr. Sandyman?" said the pastor to him one day.

"It's a great secret," returned the canny Scot, "but I'll tell you in confidence. The folk I saw maistly gave threepenny bits. Weel, when I got the money every Sabbath evening I carefully picked oot the sma' coins and put them by. Noo, as there's only a limited number of threepenny pieces in a little place like this, and as I have maist o' them at present under lock and key, the folk maun give saxpences at least instead. Sae that's the way the collections are doubled."—Spare Moments.

Make Home Original.

Individuality is a characteristic as desirable in houses as in people and in both is best attained by strict attention to business. Don't allow yourself to imagine that what your neighbor has in the hall is absolutely necessary for your own, and above all do not be alarmed at any unwonted use of a familiar article. The happiest effects result from these clever perversions and audacious inventions. If you have no closet and there is much need for hanging places, put a spacious table in a remote corner, with an iron or wooden clothes tree at either end and a screen at an angle across it. If the corner be a dark one, a lamp can be used—one of the iron lantern shaped ones—hung from chains if the room is low studded or from a wrought iron bracket of quaint design. In this corner hats, coats, mackintoshes and overshoes can be kept in the most admirable disorder without offending the eye of the housewife or detracting from the good effect of the whole apartment.

Floundered.

Baron (to fair equestrienne)—This is the same horse that I rode in the battle of Gravelotte, where the whole of my company were killed.

Countess—Then you alone were left?

Baron—Yes, although my horse was shot under me.

Countess—But did you not say the same horse?

Baron—Ah, beg your pardon. I meant to say the horse was left—it was I who was shot.—Unterhaltungsblatt.